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IN MEMORIAM
Sir Henry Heyman

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rs. Featherweight's Musical Moments

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Mrs. Featherweight's Musical Moments

By

John Brady

Illustrated by the Author

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"I Make a Point of Dressing Simply"

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Mrs. Featherweight's Musical Moments

"GEORGE says," complained Mrs. Featherweight to her caller, "that I look like a mountain peak covered with snow in my white gown. Do you think it makes me look—a—larger? I am so glad to hear you say so, dearie. Men are such brutes. I am sure after marrying three times I ought to know. My dear, they are like peas in a pod, some big, some little, but only peas after all. You know I abhor being conspicuous and always make a point of dressing simply. Just because I wore some few pieces of jewelry to the opera the other night, George said I looked like a jeweller's show-case with all that junk on. Yes, he called it junk. I tried to explain that I consider it a duty one does the artists to look a little bit festive, but you might as well save your breath. Men have no conception of the proprieties as we understand them. I just told him then and there, that if I waited until he asked me to go anywhere, but to one of his old vaudeville shows, I would be dead and in my grave. He hasn't a spark of sympathy, and laughed in the most hateful way. You can't drag him to the opera and he always sleeps through a concert. And would you believe it, dearie, before we were married he pretended to like Wagner. He calls Fido 'Siegfried' because he says he yelps just like a german tenor. You may laugh, dearie, but I think it is perfectly disgusting to talk so. My dear, take my advice and never let a man suspect that you think he is funny or your life will be a burden. What I have suffered with my sensitive nature nobody will ever know. I suppose it is because of my musical temperament. You know, before I was first married, everybody thought I would go in for grand

Terribly Temperamental

opera, I had such a lovely voice. People said it was very much like Patti's with the advantage of a dramatic quality. My waist measure was sixteen inches and I might have had a career, and probably be at the Manhattan now. Nordica and I are about the same age. But, my! hasn't her voice gone off dreadfully. I do wish she would retire before people begin to say things. Those newspaper critics are such a cold blooded set. No, I don't know any of them, but they are men and that is enough for me. Zenatello has a magnificent voice. The upper register is particularly fine. Of course, he isn't a Caruso, but what of that? You wouldn't want all tenors to sing alike. I am not Caruso mad. I grant all you say about his voice, but artistically he does some of the most glaringly vulgar things. Why shouldn't I know? I was brought up on Lehmann and Jean de Reszke, and if you live to be a thousand years old you will never hear two greater artists. Mrs. Pushbutton says it provokes her to hear me go on as if I knew it all. I'm sure I don't pretend to, but I certainly know good singing. At least, I am not going to let other people's ears do my listening for me. Now, Gerville Reache has one of the most appealing contraltos I have heard in ages, and yet Mrs. Bumptious, who is really quite musical, can't bear her voice, calls her a female baritone. To hear her talk you would think she was the only person in the world who knew anything about voice placing. By the way, do you remember Signorina Gilhooley who used to do millinery and manicuring? Well, she has gone in for deep breathing and voice placing. Isn't it perfectly awful? But I will say this for her, she certainly had the real French touch with a feather. Who are you studying with now? You don't say! I thought he was a coach. I always said that if your voice was properly placed you would sing beautifully because you are so temperamental. That is a perfect love of a hat. I have been admiring it ever since you came in. Your old feather boa? Mercy! Looks just like a French creation. Now do come in again soon. It's a perfect treat

Mrs. Pushbutton

to see you. Good-by! "Well," said Mrs. Featherweight as she closed the door "such a fright of a hat. It's a pity some people have so little taste. But she has no temperament and that makes a great difference."

I Believe She Sleeps in Her Black Princess

Mrs. Featherweight on "Pelleas and Melisande"

"HORRORS," exclaimed Mrs. Featherweight rolling her eyes toward the ceiling. "I never want to hear another 'lyric drama,' as they call it, again. You thought it was an opera? Mercy! No! It is a 'lyric drama' and the most absurd pose imaginable. George says it must be a perfect cinch, whatever that means, for singers who are losing their voices or have only a few good tones. Mary Garden is at her best in it because she doesn't have any real singing to do, so her shortcomings vocally are not so apparent. The man who sings, or rather tries to sing 'Pelleas' has the poorest excuse for a singing voice I ever heard, and yet he doesn't damage the role in the least so, you see, almost anybody who can manage the queer intervals and act fairly well will do. It's a mercy they don't call it an opera for that presupposes rhythm, melody and all the other necessary equalities that go to make an opera. 'Pelleas and Melisande' is simply atmosphere, and depressing atmosphere at that. Atmosphere is all very well as a background, but you can't make me believe that recitative alone is satisfying. Mrs. Pushbutton says that I am too old-fashioned and did not grasp the mystic symbolism. The very idea! Wouldn't that make you mad? And she knows as much about music as a fish does about chiffon. Just because somebody said she resembles Mary Garden you can't keep her away from the Manhattan and I believe she sleeps in her black princess. She never wears anything else and such posing! Well, as I was saying, I may be old-fashioned, but I have musical perception and can grasp the fact that 'Pelleas and Melisande' is purely an affectation in musical expression. A sort of a conscious effort to do something unusual. You know as well as I do that you cannot do anything worth while

in music unless it comes to you inspirationally, and, without satisfying moments of pure melody and a definite rhythm, it can never last. A lyric drama is neither good opera nor good drama and an insincere form of expression. Now Wagner I loved from the first and even Strauss impressed me, in spots, but I have come to the conclusion that Debussy is good for flavoring purposes only. That stagey, long drawn out death scene in the last act is simply tiresome. 'Pelleas' is killed without making a gasp, but you know that 'Melisande' would never consent to die without a chance to show off. It wasn't a bit convincing to me. There was a girl behind who exclaimed, 'Oh! dear! I just hate death scenes, we have had so many in our family!' Sure as I am sitting here! Wasn't it perfectly awful? I guess she didn't realize how it sounded, poor child. I was so depressed that I made George take me out to a vaudeville show that night and I laughed till I cried. There was a——Oh! must you go so soon? I declare it doesn't seen a moment since you came. Do drop in often. You are a perfect treat. Good-by!

"How she does run on!" mused Mrs. Featherweight. "I could hardly get in a word, but I was determined to tell her about 'Pelleas and Melisande.' I hope she tells Pushbutton what I said about her."

Everybody Wanted to Know Who She Was

Mrs. Featherweight Attends a Musical Breakfast

"YES, I am going out later. Mrs. Pushbutton begged me to go to a matinee with her and, although I have a splitting headache and really ought to be in bed, she simply would not let me off—said I needed a little diversion. I wish we were more congenial. You know I have the artistic temperament. It runs in our family to be musical and have thick hair. I want you to meet her. People simply rave about her figure. She calls it svelte but I think she is nothing but skin and bone. Don't you hate dark, thin women? Somehow I never trust them. But I must tell you about the Ladies Auxiliary Mendelssohn Musical Breakfast. It was a perfectly elegant affair. All the members wore their very best. Each member was allowed to bring a friend so just out of compliment I asked Mrs. Pushbutton, not thinking for a moment that she would accept, as she had nothing but her everlasting black princess to wear. But mercy, she grabbed the invitation as if it were something good to eat—said she had heard so much about the old ladies that she was dying to meet them. Well, maybe I wasn't mad! I told her that they might be old but their gowns were not. I said that hoping she would realize that it was to be a dress y affair and not go but, bless you, she said it couldn't be too dressy for her. And, my dear, what that woman did in the next few hours was a caution. She telephoned her sister, a perfectly lovely woman, large and blonde—not a bit like Mrs. Pushbutton—and asked her to send down her silver fox set. The most beautiful furs you ever saw and so expensive. Did you ever know such impertinence! Then she went out on Columbus Avenue and pretty soon I saw her coming back with a hat in a bag. And such a bargain! Only a dollar and one of the new shapes. And

Rhinestone-Schmidt
Accompanies Herself Superbly

I wish you could see it now! She trimmed it with an old spanish lace scarf. You would never believe how stylish it looks. Then she borrowed a string of puffs from Mrs. Upperfloor. They were much lighter than her own hair—she has a mere wisp—but she said that did not make any difference if you had temperament. Temperament! Hmf. Well, at any rate, you never saw such a transformation. Everybody was asking who she was and sugar wouldn't melt in her mouth she was so sweet. But I know her so well that I could tell from her expression that she was dying to laugh when our president, Madame Rhinestone Schmidt, at the request of the members sang "Because" to her own superb accompaniment. To be sure her voice is not what it once was, but she has a beautiful A flat, and anyway, as a guest, I think Mrs. Pushbutton should have assumed a different expression. When Mrs. Lowtone read a beautiful paper on "Should the upper tones be pinched," Mrs. Pushbutton had the impudence to suggest that the poor things should be given their freedom, and everybody laughed. I didn't see anything to laugh at. And this morning as I was waiting for the dumbwaiter, I overheard her telling Mrs. Underneath that she believed the Ladies Auxiliary was the finest collection of antiques in town. Oh! Here she comes now. Well, dearie, I though you would never get here and Mrs. Waitingyet was determined to meet you because I have been telling her how charming you are. I was saying to George only the other day that if the Pushbuttons move away from here we will go too. I just couldn't live without you, dearie! (Mrs. Pushbutton winked at her new friend.)"

Mrs. Featherweight on Musical Grafters

"WHO is your fluffy ruffles friend I just met going out?" asked the caller as Mrs. Featherweight was about to pour a cup of tea.

"My friend?" Mrs. Featherweight quickly put the tea-pot down and held up her hand in protest. "She is no friend of mine I assure you. Cream or lemon? George says I should say condensed milk as more up-to-date. Ha—Ha! He is simply the most impossible man. But to get back to the young lady you mentioned. I must tell you that she is a musical grafter. I wonder where I got that name. Oh, yes! George always calls her that. What does the name mean? It is easy to see that you are a stranger to the inner musical circles or you wouldn't ask. If you went about as much as I do to receptions with music and studio musicales with tea you would soon learn. Why, do you know, I can pick out a would-be prima donna on sight." Mrs. Featherweight waited for her last remark to sink in and then continued. "The young lady is a fine specimen of grafter. You thought her eyes appealing, I suppose, and her hair so artistically careless? I thought so! Everybody gets that impression at first. Would you believe that her eyebrows are works of art and that careless arrangement of hair takes an hour if it takes a minute to perfect! If you should meet her to-morrow you will find every careless hair in the same place and the appealing expression a fixture. She goes everywhere and seems always ready to oblige with a solo. Her voice is rather a fine one naturally and no prima donna could give a better imitation of being overwhelmed modestly with the applause she receives. Sometimes she gets very little but she acts her overwhelmed role just the same. People say the first time "Isn't she perfectly charming?" And later on they

That Appealing Expression

change "charming" to "horrid." I did my best to avoid an introduction but she was too much for me. Deliver me from people with that appealing expression. After the introduction I got away as quickly as I could as I thought she might ask what I thought of her singing. I am truthful above all things and no one ever hears me say a word about a living being unless to their credit. But these are simply facts. Well, what do you suppose she did? You would never believe it. Sent me six tickets, two dollars and a half each, for her benefit concert at the Waldorf. Cheeky? Well, I should say, and you can go to the opera for a dollar and a half and tip the usher for a seat. I sat right down, enclosed the tickets in an envelope with my card, and sent them back and glad to do it. Imagine my amazement to find them in my mail the next morning with a note saying that she must insist on my taking them and disposing of them to my friends as she had a dentist's bill to pay. Just as true as gospel! It seems incredible! Even George was mad about it and he settled her without ado. What brought her to-day? My dear, she came to announce her engagement to Fitznoodle with perfect loads of money and likely to die and leave her a rich widow. Isn't it perfectly frightful? Somebody ought to tell him. I'll speak to George."

I Gave Him a Look

Mrs. Featherweight on Piano Playing

"DON'T you love piano playing?" asked Mrs. Featherweight. "Music is such an absolute necessity to a sensitive, highly strung nature like mine, that I would simply die if I didn't have the opera and concerts to keep me up. Sometimes I wish I wasn't so temperamental. It must be so restful to be free from the yearnings that we artistic natures feel can never be satisfied in this life. A piano recital is a real tonic to me. Mrs. Pushbutton, the woman with that frightfully small waist whom you passed on the stairs, says that it is pure affectation on my part to say that I like Bach. But to be misunderstood seems to be the fate of lovers of the beautiful. She was crazy, however, to hear Paderewski because she had heard me rave about him—you know how I used to worship his playing. Well, Mrs. Underneath, a perfectly dear woman—not at all goodlooking but exquisite taste in dress, lost her mother-in-law just after she had bought seats for his first recital. How things do happen. She felt so terribly distressed over her loss, I mean of the tickets of course, that I bought them for half price and that was some consolation to her. I like to do a kind act when I can. I was going anyway, but I like to have company. Even Mrs. Pushbutton is better than none. She had invited me to go with her that morning to see some tableaus for charity so I had to ask her. If I had only known I would never have gone to the tableaus, charity or no charity. My dear, what do you suppose? She had cut the back out of her black princess gown and posed as 'The Lady With a Rose.' It was positively indecent! And she had the impudence to pretend innocence when I just told her what I thought of such carryings on. Said she did it for charity. 'You mean,' said I 'that you wanted to show your back And' said she, 'isn't it charity to let people see it when backs are so rare?' I wouldn't have done it for all the gold in

Mrs. Pushbutton Posing as
"The Lady With a Rose"

Guinea. But, as I was saying about Paderewski, we had the loveliest seats in the second row and I was looking forward with anticipations of pleasure when a most disagreeable thing occurred. A little skeezics of a man behind me tried to make me take off my hat. He was one of those newspaper critics I suppose. I just would not do it, as I had on a flat sailor that a child could see over without standing up. I could tell by the looks of him that he just hates women. I don't see what men go to matinees for anyway. They are perfect nuisances and have no consideration. Anyway, I would have died rather than take it off as I had my hair done low and no pompadour. I never was so annoyed. Oh! yes—about Paderewski. Deliver me from such piano pounding. I was never more amazed in my life at the deterioration in his playing. It was such a disappointment. Why little Josef Hofmann is so far ahead of him that they are not to be mentioned in the same class. I could have cried every time Paderewski thumped, literally thumped, a heavy chord, it was so unmusical. Another idol with feet of clay. I didn't open the piano for days until I heard De Pachmann who is what I call a piano player, not a piano pounder. He brought back my desire to hear more so I opened the piano again. When we got up to go I turned and if I didn't give the man behind me a look, I wouldn't say so. 'Madam,' said he, 'haven't you dropped something?' I looked down to see and he said: 'I only meant your manners.' Well if I wasn't mad. I drew myself up and said: 'Keep them if you find them, you need them more than I do.' Sometimes I wonder why men were ever born. Mrs. Pushbutton enjoyed the recital so much. Found it so restful. She slept throughout."

An inspired moment!

"Little Josef."

I Wore My Old Black Lace

Mrs. Featherweight Gives an Informal Musicale

"DON'T ever mention her name to me again." Mrs. Featherweight was really vexed. "Whose? Why Mrs. Pushbutton's, of course. It makes me so mad when I think of the deceitful way she acted. And you know what friends we were. Just like sisters and I told her everything. But after last night I shall never have much confidence in her. You see, Mrs. Bumptious has a niece stopping with her, came on to study for grand opera and will accept a church position meanwhile. You know the kind! Knowing how musical I am, Mrs. Bumptious wanted my opinion on her voice, so she called me on the phone and asked if she might bring her over the next night. I said of course she might and I would ask in some musical friends. I am always trying to make life pleasant for people, although I never get a thank you for it. Sometimes I think I will have the phone taken out. It is so awfully handy that before I got through the few friends had become a regular crowd. Well, at any rate, I asked my nephew, Willie Stutterton Smythe, the tenor, and fortunately he had nothing on hand. He is awfully popular so I considered myself lucky. Then I asked Gussie Gushington, who adores 'Chopang,' and plays that sweet thing 'Fruhlingsrauchen' so well. Of course I had to ask Mrs. Pushbutton, because I wanted to borrow her plates for the salad. As it was an informal affair I didn't mind asking her although I knew she would wear that rag of a black princess. I wore my old black lace and only a few pieces of jewelry, as I think it is very poor taste for the hostess to be too dressy, don't you? Everybody but Mrs. Pushbutton had arrived and Willie was about to sing 'Dreaming, Only Dreaming,' when in she came and I had to clutch the table to keep me from falling. It

Mrs. Pushbutton Sweeps In

wasn't the princess, I expected that, but her hair. Would you believe it, she had the brazeness to have it arranged like Geraldine Farrar's at a Sunday night concert, piled high with a silver green ribbon run through it. She swept in and greeted me as if she hadn't seen me for ages. Such deceit! When only a few moments before she had sent me up her plates on the dumbwaiter. Everybody had their eyes on her and poor Willie looked as if he could never close his eyes to dream again. After things settled down he managed to sing but was too excited to do himself justice. I heard George tell Mrs. Pushbutton that it wasn't half bad if you didn't look at him. So insulting! And my own nephew. On top of that she had the impertinence to tell Willie that she thought his voice would repay cultivation, and he has been with Dewem Good, the voice placer, for six years. Then Gussie played and everybody talked. She is so temperamental she never noticed it and kept right on. But afterwards I heard her ask Mrs. Pushbutton if she didn't think Brahm's perfectly adorable and she told her that she had never seen any. Gussie looked so pained. She is so sensitive. I felt sorry for her. Then that husband of mine insisted on Mrs. Pushbutton playing ragtime and I could have strangled him. After that I gave up. What can you do if your husband has no sense of dignity. She began telling funny stories and everybody simply screamed with laughter although I failed to see why. You would think it was her party. I thought Mrs. Bumptious would be mad as hops, but she said she would rather hear a good story than a song any day and she would bring her niece some other time. And the niece didn't mind either. But I did and I was as cool as you please. I simply couldn't get over Mrs. Pushbutton not letting me know she was going to wear her hair that way."

Gussie Gushington
I Simply Adore Chopang!

Willie Stutterton Smythe

Mrs. Featherweight in Princess

Mrs. Pushbutton Entertains

"HM!" sniffed Mrs. Featherweight, "Mrs. Pushbutton thinks that her afternoons at home even up all her social obligations. For my part, I consider it a cheap way when you accept other people's invitations as much as she does. Oh! yes, I know she always has a crowd and they profess to have a good time. But what do they ever get but a cup of tea and a wafer or at the very most a chafing dish dinner which is simply an apology. George is crazy about her rarebits and Mr. Pushbutton seems to think she beats any chef that ever lived. Poor man, I don't believe he gets enough to eat. No, he doesn't appear to be starved but he is like I am, large and commanding, and a small appetite. He should be urged to eat more. Really, sometimes I wonder how I ever live when I eat so little. But I was going to tell you about Mrs. Pushbutton's musicale with bridge. It was really swell. I never knew that she was acquainted with so many musical people. But I suppose she plausied them up in that honey sweet way of hers and they came because they didn't know how to refuse gracefully. And, would you believe it, she had printed programs for the music and a caterer. You can't be up to her, she is such a deep one. I wouldn't have missed it for worlds, although I was so fagged out from shopping with her that morning I was ready for the doctor. The way that woman scurried around hunting for ready-made suits—you know she has a ready-made figure and can wear anything—was astonishing. I wouldn't wear a ready-made gown if you paid me. I never go in that store but I am insulted. It makes me so mad because I wouldn't buy a paper of pins there. But Mrs. Pushbutton will go anywhere if she smells a bargain. We had no more than got inside the door when one of those common clerks said 'extra sizes on the third floor, madam,' and I had on my dark green walking suit that makes me look so

The Lioness of the Piano

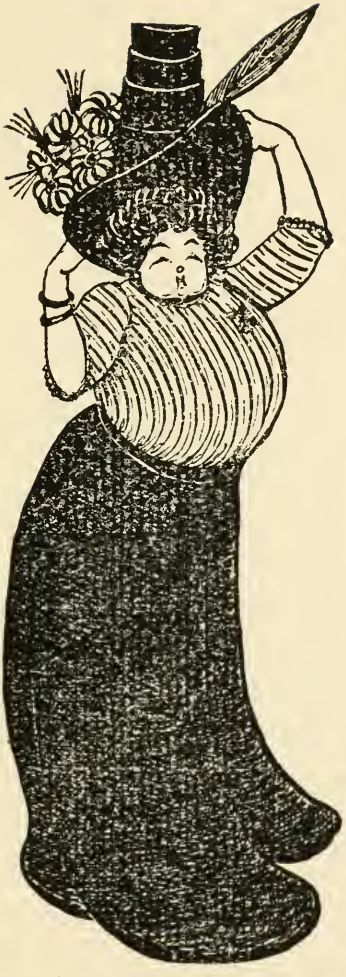
much smaller. But as I was saying, the musicale was simply delightful. I would go anywhere for music. Madame Ripplingscale, the pianist, was the lioness of the evening. The way she swept those keys from one end of the piano to the other was simply enchanting. I wish I had kept up my practice; I had such strong fourth fingers. Then Percy McGuinness sang selections from 'Faust.' Have you ever heard him in opera? Perfectly dear and he has a high C almost as good as Caruso's. His 'Celesta Aida' did not go so well, but afterwards he sang a group of Irish songs in Italian that were perfectly fascinating. The program closed with recitations by Flora MacWhorter Dubbs, who improvises her accompaniments. She was a perfect picture in pink brocade and I never knew anybody look more soulful at the piano. I wore purple velvet made princess and maybe Mrs. Pushbutton's eyes didn't stick out when she saw me. She hinted one day that large women couldn't wear princess and I guess she changed her mind when I appeared. George said I looked queenly and I guess for once he was right, although a man's opinion about anything doesn't amount to much. Hm! yes, she wore her black princess."

I Never Saw Anybody So Soulful at the Piano

Percy McGuinness

Mrs. Featherweight Sings for the Chaminade Club

"NO, really, I am not going out for an hour yet. Now, do sit down!" Mrs. Featherweight's caller allowed herself to be persuaded while that worthy lady began the ceremony of putting on her new spring hat. "You know," she rattled on, "there is real art in getting a hat on at just the right angle. You would never guess what I paid for this! Six thirty-eight reduced from thirty-four seventy-three! One of the new shapes. Do you like it? So few can wear the high crown, but the clerk said it was most becoming to me on account of my face being—er—a—round. I bought it in a hurry to wear to the first meeting of the Jersey Chaminade Club. They invited me to sing and, although I haven't sung for ages, I thought I would try. Of course, being a ladies' club and named after Chaminade, I thought I ought to sing one of her songs, so I asked Mrs. Pushbutton about it and she offered me two albums of Chaminade songs to select from. I had no idea she had written so many. You know I never cared very much about women composers anyway. That's one thing I give men credit for doing better than women. Well, I never can learn anything from an album, I was brought up on sheet music, so Mrs. Pushbutton selected 'A Madrigal,' a queer sort of French thing, and after the music came I practiced like a perfect slave to get it ready. Mrs. Pushbutton said to sing any old thing and call it Chaminade and they wouldn't know the difference, but I am above all things conscientious. Well, I was in fine form before I started. You know the ladies of Jersey felt the need of culture and decided that there is nothing like a music club to elevate the condition of the lower classes and give tone to the town. Somebody suggested calling the club by the name of some one of our American composers, but



So Few Can Wear the High Crown

they were all so easy to pronounce so that was voted down. How is Chaminade pronounced anyway? You don't say! How queer. Well, Mrs. Rocks being the richest woman in town, was elected president, of course, although she doesn't know a note from a pound of butter. But she has a perfectly lovely house for meetings and when I arrived I found the greatest commotion. It seems the secretary of the club is going to be married and had forgotten to notify Mrs. Rocks that the meeting was to be held at her house and when the members arrived they were told that she was in bed with an attack of grippe and sent down word—she is horribly practical—that she wouldn't come down for Chaminade herself. I didn't blame her after seeing Chaminade's photograph. My dear, no style whatever. But Mrs. Rocks said to make ourselves at home, so the meeting was called to order by Mrs. Knockem, who wore the only other high crown and is frightfully intellectual. Spent two days getting a paper on Chaminade from the encyclopaedia. But the most awful thing happened. One of the ladies started the question of whether the new High School should be built on the east or the west side and such screaming you never heard in your life. They nearly came to blows. It was simply scandalous. Mrs. Knockem rapped for order and begged them to be quiet as I was going to sing, but they just backed out into the dining room and hallway and kept at it harder than ever. Of course, it was useless to sing 'A Madrigal' then and I had to catch the six thirty train. So I came away. Wasn't is perfectly horrible? Oh! Yes. I am going to the next meeting. You know I love excitement."

I Looked Like a Nun Beside Her

Mrs. Featherweight on Voice Placing

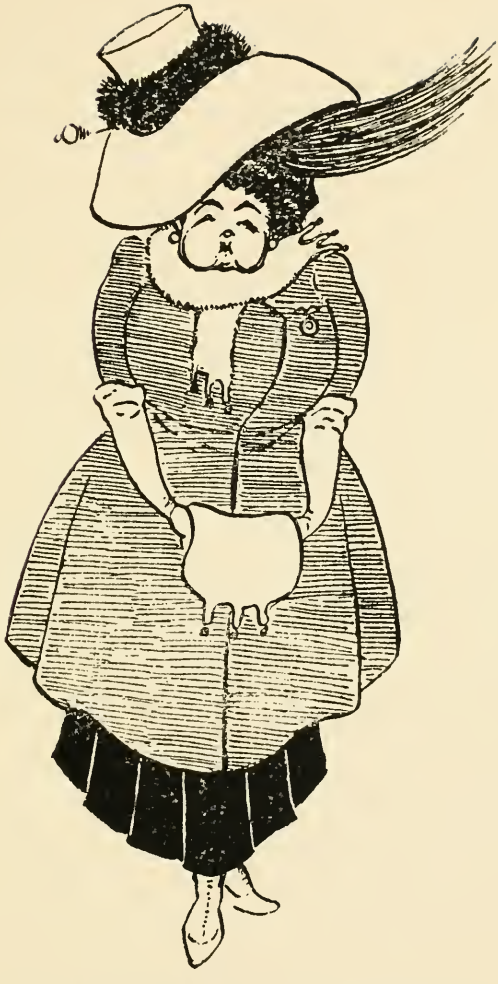
"GRACIOUS!" exclaimed Mrs. Featherweight, sinking into a chair, "don't speak to me until I get my breath. If I haven't put in a day," she continued, before anybody could interrupt her, "then I wouldn't say so. You know how Mrs. Bumptious bragged about that niece of hers being such a fine singer. Well, this morning she called me on the 'phone and wanted my advice about a teacher and said she would be indebted beyond words if I would suggest somebody who would be able to give Clytie —her name is Clytemnestra Smoggs—some finishing lessons. As a friend, there was nothing left for me in all common decency to do but offer to help her find one. All the teachers I ever studied with are dead and buried so I called Mrs. Pushbutton to the dumbwaiter and before I hardly got the words out of my mouth she volunteered to go with us. And the questions she asked those teachers! You may smile, George, but I was simply mortified beyond everything. Mrs. Bumptious had an appointment at the dentist's—she is getting a full upper set made with gold filling in the front, as natural as life—so she couldn't go and we met Clytie on the corner. She was a sight to behold. Really I looked like a nun beside her. Mrs. Pushbutton said her gown was a scream and her hat a yell, whatever she meant by that. Well, the first one we called on was Herr Lautstimme, a very impressive man, and he explained all about abdominal breathing and asked Mrs. Pushbutton to feel how he breathed, but she had the grace to refuse. Then he roared some tones. Well, George, you know my ear and how sensitive I am. I couldn't stand for that and we came away without Clytie having sung. Anyway, I think a girl should study with a woman, because women are so much more sympathetic than men. So we called on Mme. Sangfroid, who doesn't believe in anything but chest breathing and thinks men are dis-

Herr Lautstimme

gusting creatures. I rather liked her until she began to illustrate her method and I could see Mrs. Pushbutton was going to ask some foolish question and I made an excuse to get away before she had time to say anything. Then we saw Miss Tremolo Pyker's name on a door and rang the bell. Miss Pyker doesn't believe in breathing at all and said the secret of voice placing was all in the nose. And before I could stop her Mrs. Pushbutton asked if the size of the nose made any difference in the size of the voice. Well, maybe Miss Pyker didn't give her a look! Unfortunately, she had her artist pupil sing for us, and the way she growled her way through 'O mia Fernando' without getting any nearer her nose than the throat, convinced me that Miss Pyker would never do and we backed out as gracefully as we could. It is so easy to get in, but, mercy, the getting out is so embarrassing. Sig Pullamini was the next one and he talked Italian all the time and I didn't know a word he said, but Mrs. Pushbutton acted as if she had been born in Italy. . And the only word she knew was 'scala,' which she said means stepladder. How she knew so much about Italian is more than I can fathom. After we left Sig. Pullamini we must have seen a dozen others and you wouldn't believe how many ways there are to breathe and all the teachers seem to have a different part of the anatomy for the placing of the voice. One said it was caused by vibrations of the spine and another that it struck the top of the head and exploded in tone waves. Well, I can't remember all, but it was very instructive if you could grasp it. Mrs. Pushbutton asked one man if he thought it wrong to force the voice out through the ears instead of the mouth and the poor man looked so bewildered. But what do you think! The last one we called on instantly informed us that he charged two dollars for hearing voices. The very idea! I never heard of such a thing. But he had perfectly lovely eyes. Mrs. Pushbutton said, without asking me, that she thought it very right that he should and would he kindly give his honest

Clytie

opinion about the young lady's voice. We had not heard her up to that moment. He immediately, without saying a word about how wonderful he was himself, asked her to sing. She opened her roll and handed him a piece of music. And, George, to my dying day I shall never forget Clytemnestra Smoggs' singing of 'I Love and the World Is Mine.' You couldn't call it singing. Mrs. Pushbutton said afterward that it is a wonder he didn't have us arrested. But he was nice as could be and told her the honest truth about her voice. And how did she take it? Why she said she didn't think much of the teachers in New York and she guessed she would go to Paris. Did you ever?"



I Drew Myself Up and Swept Out

Mrs. Featherweight Hears Tetrazzini

"MERCY! Don't sit on that chair!" almost shrieked Mrs. Featherweight. "You know," she explained, "how velvet takes the pattern of a cane seat. I had my black velvet coat absolutely ruined by that very chair. But it is an ill wind that doesn't blow somebody good. I gave it to the cook. George says she had a whole suit made out of it and gave the rest to the poor. To hear him talk you would suppose I was a perfect mountain. He is just as provoking as ever. You know everybody that is anybody at all wants to hear Tetrazzini once, at least, if only to have the satisfaction of being up-to-date, but you can't get that man to budge toward anything but vaudeville. I have simply given up trying to make him accept culture and the New Thought. Have I heard her? Yes, indeed! I always make it a point to hear all the famous singers. It is so broadening and educational. Mrs. Pushbutton very kindly offered to go with me, at her own expense, of course. She raves about Mary Garden, so you see she can't be very musical. But any port in a storm. I had to accept her or go alone. And such a mortifying experience as I had getting tickets. I was standing at the window trying to make up my mind whether to take aisle seats or farther back in the center, when I heard somebody in the line say: 'Please ask Tetrazzini to hurry up?' 'Where is she?' asked somebody and the same voice said :'The fat woman at the window.' I was simply enraged because, as usual, I was quietly dressed, I always try to keep from extremes, and I drew myself up and swept out of that place in a way that must have impressed those people that I could be dignified if I am—er—stout. I went right out and bought the seats from a speculator, although against my principles. I asked him, just through curiosity, if he lost any money on 'Pelleas and Melisande,' and what do you suppose the wretch said?

'Madam,' said he, 'while you were asleep, we lost thousands of dollars.'

" 'Serves you right,' said I, 'for doing the public.'

"And he had the impertinence to say to my face: 'We have to do 'em to live.'

"Really," Mrs. Featherweight assumed her most virtuous expression, "I don't know what we are coming to when such people get so familiar with their betters. I was telling Mrs. Pushbutton about it and she said that this is a free country and that he probably considered himself my equal. She is the most provoking person. Sometimes she makes me so mad I think I will never speak to her again, but it wouldn't make any impression. She would simply laugh at me—Oh Yes! I forgot all about Tetrazzini. How did I like her singing? Well, you see, my dear, Sembrich is my idol. What has that to do with it? Why everything, of course. Sembrich is in the same class, but there is this difference: Sembrich is an artist and Tetrazzini is simply a singer. Yes. I agree with you, a natural born singer, with an electrifying upper register and amazing facility. But it only goes to prove that nature can be improved upon and it takes brains to do the improving. Now I had just such a high register, but everybody exclaimed over the beautiful evenness throughout, not a break for two octaves and a half and——Oh! I am so sorry you must go. You come so seldom. I was saying to George only the other day——Well, good-by!

"If that isn't always the way with sopranos!" Mrs. Featherweight was indignant. "If you let them talk about their own voices they are perfectly happy, but mention your own and they can't get away fast enough. Humph!"

Mrs. Featherweight's Green
Walking Suit

Mrs. Featherweight's Dearest Friend

"HOW the winter has flown!" Mrs. Featherweight's chubby face tried to express her surprise at the flight of time. "Mrs. Pushbutton, my dearest friend, was saying the same thing this afternoon. I declare the weeks go by before one knows it and not a thing done—I mean toward the spring sewing. I hadn't a stitch to wear, but Mrs. Pushbutton insisted on my having her sewing woman this week. She is perfectly lovely that way. Such a true friend and so considerate and appreciative. I don't believe she has a selfish bone in her body. Only yesterday she complimented me on my fair complexion and said she had always envied me my fine skin. You know she is dark, but really quite pretty and has a fine figure—for a thin woman. She is stunning in her black princess and I told her that if I looked as well in it as she does I would never wear anything else. She has a new gown—London smoke, the new shade, that is lovely, but I am used to the princess. Her taste in hats is wonderful and she has a new one that she says is just my style. You know I can carry off a large hat so well. She says I am so artistic. Of course, I am, but I was born so and its no credit to me if I show taste. We went to a recital yesterday and Mrs. Pushbutton said she never saw me look better. I will say for her that she did look swell herself. You would never guess that her suit was a bargain and she trimmed the hat herself. Next to music I adore hats. Gladys Faraway and Bostona Emerson sat in the front row and Mrs. Pushbutton said they would queer any performance. She is sensitive to environment as I am, and so musical. You'd be surprised. Bostona pulls her hair into such a tight knob at the back that George says he can't see how she can turn a corner. I don't know what he means, but it sounds funny. When we were coming out we came face to face with her and Mrs. Pushbutton, to be

Gladys Faraway

polite, asked her how she enjoyed the playing and she said that he missed a thirty-second note on page twenty. And I said I hadn't noticed it. Mrs. Pushbutton laughed until she cried. Something struck her funny. She has a keen sense of humor like myself. That is why we are so congenial. She said Bostona escaped becoming a countess on account of her face. It seemed the count heard she was an heiress and Mrs. Pushbutton offered to introduce him. But when he saw Bostona's face he fell back and exclaimed, 'Mon Dieu! She is impossible!' And you couldn't blame him. Have you never met Mrs. Pushbutton? Well I must arrange a meeting. Everybody admires her and she is simply dear after you get to know her. We are inseparable on account of being so congenial. In fact, we have become so chummy that I insisted upon her calling me by my first name—Daisy."

Bostona Emerson

Mrs. Pushbutton's Spring Costume

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